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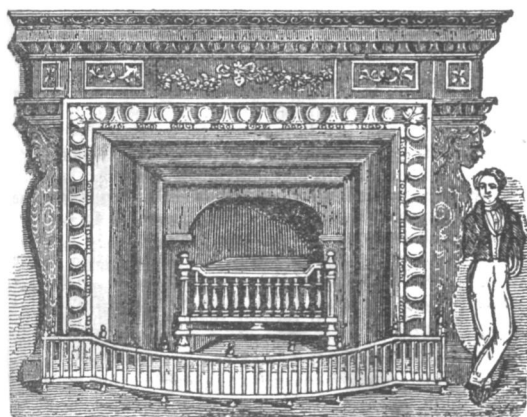
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liamentary robes, and wearing the insignia of the orders of the Bath and St. Patrick. It was executed by J. Bacon, Jun. The following is a representation of the fire-place in the same magnificent apartment.



Fire-place in the Irish House of Lords.

ORRERY IN TRINITY COLLEGE.

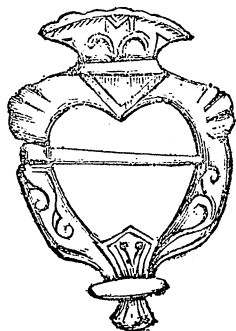
SIR—Reading in your weekly publication, for August, 1835, a scientific account of the Observatory, recalled to my recollection that, in the year 1772, I was, by a singular circumstance, favoured with a view of a superb Orrery, constructed by the late Mr. Deane, one of the Six Clerks, who told me it had employed his leisure hours for thirty years. The table containing the movements was nine feet in diameter, on which the several planets, with their satellites, were surmounted. Over the table was suspended a dome, in which the different constellations were delineated, perforated so as by candle-light to represent the firmament.

Since Mr. Deane's death I made many fruitless enquiries as to how he had disposed of the Orrery, and at last learned he had bequeathed it to the College of Dublin, where, sad to say, it lies in oblivion and is out of repair. Perhaps, from the character given of the present Professor of Astronomy, we could hope he might be induced to propose to the learned Board of Fellows, the employing some scientific artist, capable of repairing this once valuable and highly instructive piece of machinery. Such a person should be handsomely rewarded; but the expense to the University would be small, when compared with the liberality of the individual who gave so large a sum for the erection of the Observatory.

The revolution of Comets was also described (or displayed). This, Mr. Deane told us, had caused him more study than all the rest, their course being so variously elliptic.

ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.



ANCIENT BROOCH.

SIR—I beg leave to send to you, for the use of your valuable periodical, a correct drawing of an ancient brooch, which was dug up in the neighbourhood of Dublin, about two years since. It is made of silver. Time has nearly worn down the surface on a level with the ornamental lines, which are still perceptible. Brooches in some respects resembling the above are found in Scot-

land, and were used by the inhabitants of that country some centuries ago, for securing the "plaid" in front. This relic of antiquity is in the possession of Dr. Maffett of Belfast.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.

WORKS OF FICTION.

Fiction, when properly used, is the source of much pleasure and improvement. By means of it much useful information and wholesome moral lessons may be inculcated; and it is certainly the simplest and most agreeable mode by which can be communicated to us an accurate knowledge of the manners and customs of different countries, a striking delineation of the various passions which have at all times agitated the human heart, and an intimate and familiar acquaintance with specimens of chaste and elegant composition. To be able, however, to write fiction well requires not a few qualifications. A refined taste, a sound judgment, a vigorous fancy, a fertile imagination, and a good command over language, are all necessary for him who would excel in this department of letters. The narrator of facts requires merely to be able to describe well. He has a direct course marked out for him, from which he is not to deviate—his business is only to give a clear detail of events as they have occurred—to paint in the best colours the several scenes that successively develop themselves upon the landscape of time; but the writer of fiction has no such regularly placed train of circumstances lying before him, and he, therefore, requires more powers of invention to suggest to him incidents and characters, and a higher degree of discrimination to enable him to select the most suitable and proper. His field is imagination; and as he wanders over his wide and beautiful domain, he must not allow his attention to be distracted, or his taste to be confused, by the diversity of pleasing objects which are there presented to his view—flowers, wild, sweet, and blooming, are scattered in rich profusion around him; he must not, however, pluck them indiscriminately. Some he must pass over, which, though pleasing to the sight, may yet contain an asp under their leaves; while those which he does take, he must so arrange and classify that they may not be joined in a heterogeneous or ill-assorted union, but that harmonising in a soft and bland assimilation, they may coalesce with fitness and propriety. The English language abounds in fine models of fiction. The novels of Sir Walter Scott, though generally founded on historical facts, are yet interspersed with fictitious scenes and personages, which impart to them their chief attraction, and by means of which he has so clearly depicted the peculiarities of the national character. No other writer has made fiction so useful, by combining so much real instruction with improvement. In him, fancy is divested of all her wild absurdities—she runs not out into extravagancies—she soars not aloft, till amid the heights of her empyrean elevation, she loses sight of the world and its realities—she still hovers in view of mankind; and though she may sometimes rise, she never wanders—and when she does mount into the regions of ideality, 'tis but to bring down from thence images and illustrations to embellish the scenes and characters which are drawn from actual life.

It is plain how many advantages the writer of fiction has over the historian. The latter is necessarily subservient to the train of events; but the former has the train of events subservient to him: and thus, when he acts with prudence and taste, he is enabled fully to follow out a principle which he has laid down, and by a series of well-arranged circumstances, to trace the primal cause through all the variety of its consequences and relations. He has an abundance of materials at his command, and he has only to select the most suitable, clothe them in the most appropriate verbiage, and put them together in the most advantageous combination. We read works of fiction for our amusement. Our thoughts are then free and at ease. Other studies, which we pursue merely for instruction, require a continuous tension of the mind, and are not therefore so inviting; but works of fiction form a pleasing and agreeable relaxation. Other studies are the field through which we have to search for objects